

THE NEW LORD KITCHENER—NOW FIGHTING IN EAST AFRICA.



ELDEST BROTHER OF THE LATE FIELD-MARSHAL EARL KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM AND OF BROOME, AND HIS SUCCESSOR
IN THE TITLE: COLONEL HENRY ELLIOTT CHEVALLIER KITCHENER, SECOND EARL KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM.

The successor to F.-M. Earl Kitchener's title is a well-known and able soldier, and has been fighting for his country throughout the war. He is in East Africa, where he holds a high position. He is the eldest brother of the late Earl. He was born in 1846, and will be seventy on October 5. The second Earl is a widower, with a son in the Navy, Commander Henry Franklin Chevallier Kitchener, born in 1878, who is now the heir to the peerage. The new Earl's wife, who was Miss Eleanor Fanny Lushington, daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel F.

Lushington, C.B., died in 1897. The second Earl Kitchener entered the Army in 1886, was Lieutenant-Colonel in 1893, and Colonel in 1899. He has a distinguished military record, and it is interesting to recall that he went to France with his brother and fought side by side with him in the French Army in the Franco-German War of 1870-71. The new Earl Kitchener has one daughter, Norah Frances, born in 1882, who was married in 1909 to Major Patrick Albert Forbes Winslow à Beckett (of the à Becketts of "Punch").

AT THE GREAT SEA-FIGHT; A ZEPPELIN; DESTROYERS; THE "SHARK."

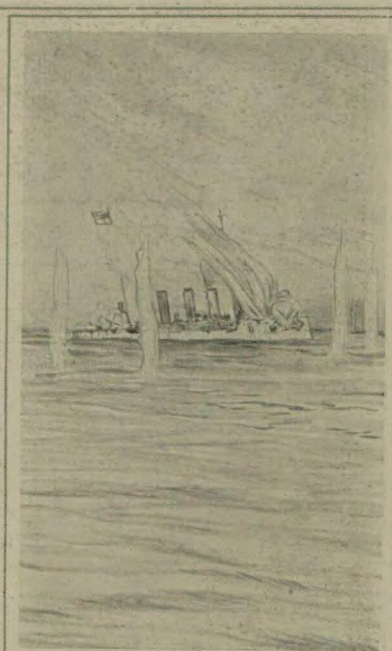
FACSIMILE SKETCHES BY AN OFFICER WHO TOOK PART IN THE BATTLE; AND A SKETCH OF THE "SHARK" DRAWN BY CHARLES PEARSON FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY COXSAIN GRIFFIN OF THE "SHARK."



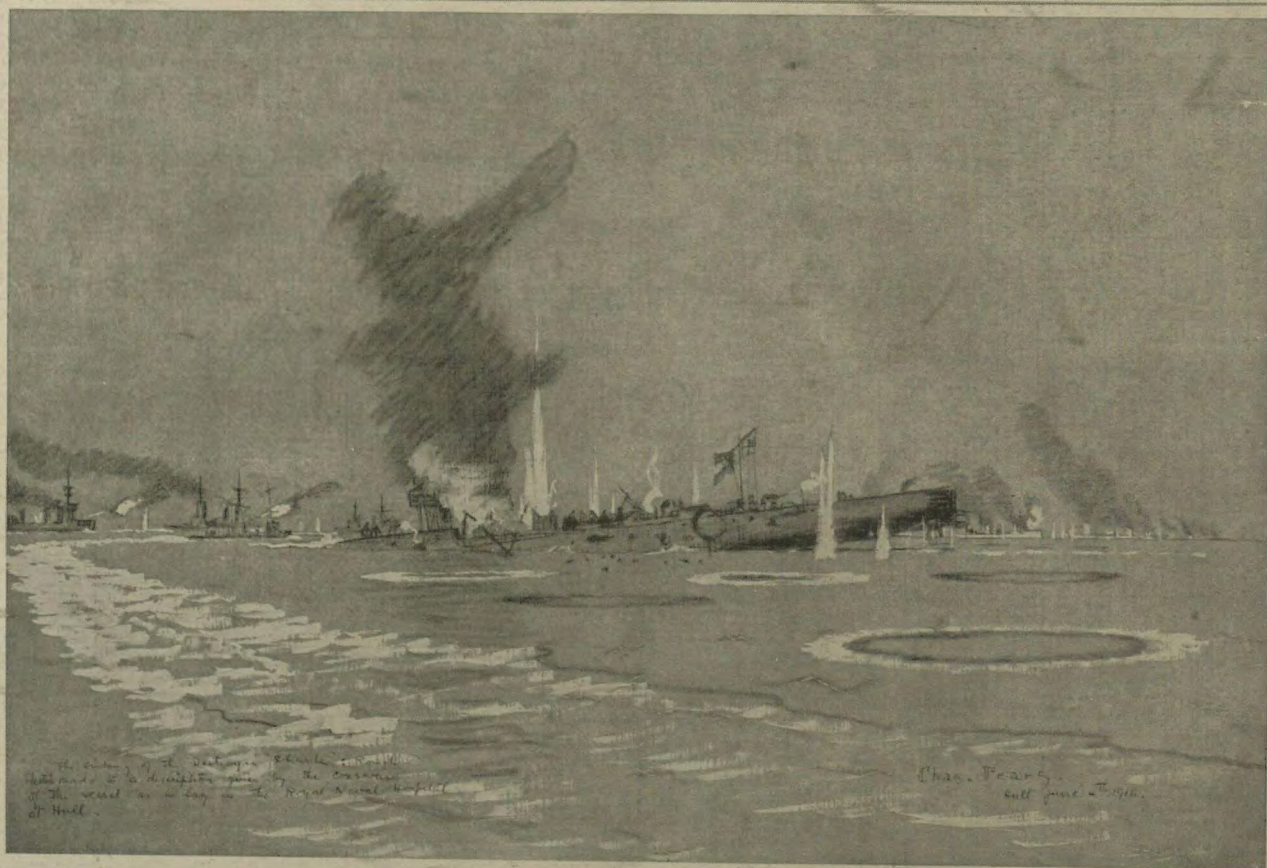
A ZEPPELIN LOOKING ROUND THE MORNING AFTER THE BATTLE: THE VISITOR BEING SHELLLED OFF.



OUR DESTROYERS ADVANCING TO WHERE THE "WARSPITE" (RIGHT) WAS IN ACTION.



AN ENEMY AT THE LAST GASP: A GERMAN LIGHT CRUISER HARD HIT, ON FIRE AND SINKING.



WITH COLOURS FLYING DEFIANTLY AND FIRING HER LAST GUN: THE SINKING DESTROYER "SHARK" JUST BEFORE SHE WENT DOWN.

Zeppelins taking part in a naval battle, so it was confidently asserted in Germany before the war, would be able to cruise over the hostile fleet, drop bombs down the funnels of their Dreadnoughts and sink them, or put them out of action quickly by shattering their turret roofs and upper decks. Nothing of the sort happened at the battle of Jutland. After the battle—next morning—a Zeppelin showed itself, apparently reconnoitring—to be promptly shelled while approaching our ships as they rode, masters of the battlefield, and made to retreat hurriedly. The upper left-hand sketch records the fact. In the top centre illustration, our destroyers and light cruisers are seen making the full-speed "hussar-

thrust," which had such momentous results in disorganising the Germans. The third sketch at the top shows the sinking of either the "Wiesbaden" or the "Elbing," Germany's recently launched 5000-ton light cruisers, both of which went down in the fight. The ship, writes the sender of the sketch, "was well down by the stern and had stopped. A fire had broken out on her fo'c'sle, and most of her guns were out of action." In the larger drawing, the sinking of the heroic British destroyer "Shark" is seen. The story is fully told elsewhere in this issue. She fought to her last gun, which her captain continued to serve after his leg had been shot away.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

FIRING HER LAST TORPEDO AS SHE SANK: THE END OF THE "SHARK."

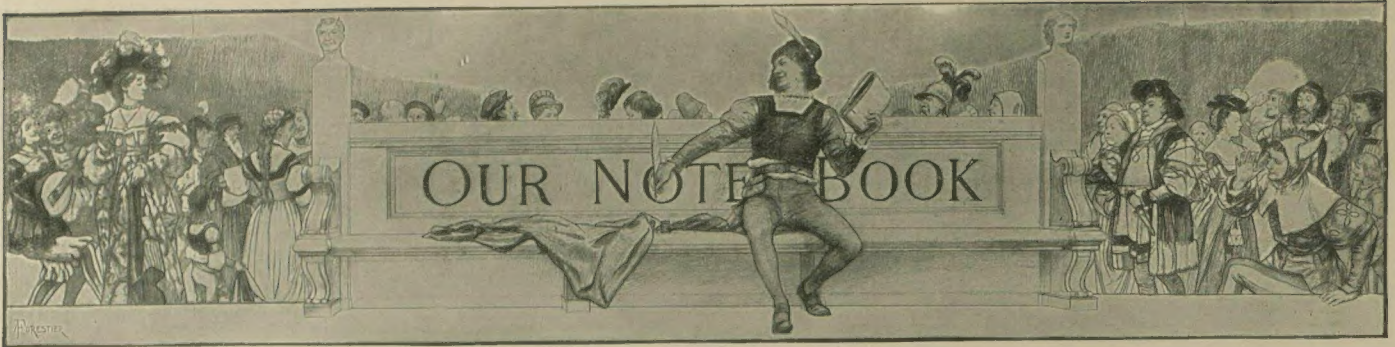
DRAWN BY MAURICE RANDALL FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY THE COXSWAIN OF THE "SHARK."



FIGHTING AS THE WAVES CLOSED OVER HER: HOW THE DESTROYER "SHARK" WENT DOWN AMIDST THE ENEMY IN THE BATTLE OFF JUTLAND.

The "Shark's" end was, as it would appear from the published accounts of the part she took in the battle, no sudden going under. Her hero-Commander, Loftus Jones, and his men saw what they were in for and faced their fate, fighting hard to the last. They charged at the outset in between two columns of enemy destroyers and attacked them right and left with gun-fire and torpedoes. But the odds were impossible, and the double return fire from the enemy on either side crashed all over the vessel, sweeping the decks, disabling all her guns but one, riddling the hull with holes. Two

torpedoes hit the ship forward and smashed the bows, and she began to sink by the head. She sank gradually while those left alive on board fought on. A shell blew up the fore-castle, killing all there and destroying the foremost gun. The men elsewhere fought on. The "Shark's" last gun left—taken charge of by Commander Loftus Jones with surpassing fortitude, with one of his legs shot away—kept firing until the ship sank. Finally, as this heroic little British ship settled down under water, she fired her last available torpedo.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE death of Lord Kitchener had in its solemnity a symbolic quality that has curiously haunted us throughout this war. It seems to be fated that our most famous warriors should come into personal and terrible touch with our most famous war, even when their station might be supposed to have saved them from so direct a contact. Lord Roberts, though he could not die in battle, was permitted to die upon a battlefield. The old man stood forth in face of the armies with a dignity almost legendary, like the Dead Cid or the blind King of Bohemia, that his bodily presence might be a sort of sacrament. And though Lord Kitchener was the last man to whom, in the ordinary sense, one would attribute the artistic temperament—though he was not even, as some great soldiers have been, specially and deliberately an artist—yet his grand, unconscious life and death have something of the unity of a work of art. He, like Lord Roberts, has partaken of a tragic privilege. He has given his life to England, where England could no longer have expected anything but his labour. Those few on whom this rare fate has fallen may be said truly to have renewed their youth like the eagles of victory. They have grown young again when youth is the most awful of all human seasons; and stand equal with their sons upon a high tableland of the dead.

But even in Lord Kitchener's personal history there was throughout this quality which I can only call the unconsciously artistic: the quality in the hero of an epic, who is no poet but the subject for poets. The small coincidences of his life connect him in a curious way with that ultimate world-crusade in which he perished. It was something of an omen that before he even began his professional service for England he had done volunteer service for France. I know not what was the quality of his own consciousness in the matter; but indeed it is a part of the nameless impressiveness of which I speak, like the story of some pagan oracle, that the chief actor should enact an allegory more enormous than he knows. But the fact that he served as a volunteer in that heroic and hopeless army of 1870 which defied to the last what seemed the final triumph of Germany—this fact out of his forgotten youth seems to give to his life a strange simplification, and to dedicate him, like a Hannibal, to the destruction of the German eagles. There is, again, a kind of grand and Greek irony about his collision with the great Frenchman, Marchand—a collision that was to turn at last into a comradeship; the same again in his collision with the great Boer, Botha, which was also to turn into a comradeship. It seemed almost as if God were testing the knights of the great crusade against each other before He tested them against the great enemy of chivalry—as the Knights of the Round Table would strive against each other in the lists before they marched on the heathen by the Northern sea.

These heroic outlines, like those in the old tragedies, are things seen from afar off, by the gods or by the people. But the personal and conscious factors, though very different, are equally valuable and helpful; and in the case of Lord Kitchener they are specially worthy of study, and certainly worthy of something better than conventional and mechanical eulogy. For Lord Kitchener was a man of a very valid and definite type, and altogether

an inappropriate recipient for those formless praises of efficiency which can manage to land an instrument while leaving it doubtful whether it is a saw or a spade. The work which he did in this war, which will stand up for centuries of the future like a mountain out of a plain, was a work done in a chosen and particular way by a separate and particular personality.

Where we were supremely fortunate in the character of Lord Kitchener was this—that he combined a certain tone and reputation of rigidity (sufficient to save him from busybodies, from sycophants,

few people who had a right to discuss it. He was a particularly fair and moderate negotiator, when once it was really his duty to negotiate. He chose to wear a sort of armour; but he always sheathed his sword to argue, when he argued at all. We see this in his relation with the Boers; we see it in his relation with the Trades Unions; we see it even in the delicate crisis of Fashoda. He was as much a man of treaties as a man of war; and the treaties that he made added enormously to our warlike strength. In this he was very English and very much the reverse of German, for what the Germans regard as thoroughness is a rather blind application of theory.

The English conception of a compromise has been much corrupted in our time by the mere cowardice of politicians. But if we wish to see compromise as it was when it was really a strength to us, and as it existed in the very sternest of the real strong men of all countries—in Caesar, for instance; and in Parnell—we could find no recent instances of it stronger than those which occurred in the career of Lord Kitchener. The real advantage which has attended the English spirit and method throughout the world is something much more delicate and more true than the rather tiresome imperialist optimism that is sometimes talked about it. It is not that the Englishman never makes a fool of himself; it is rather that he is capable of realising that he does make a fool of himself. In other words, the English power, whether it is strong or weak, is always a living thing, and therefore conscious of being in contact with living things. It is not that we have never laid a finger on anybody save in the way of kindness, as some of our Jingoists do vainly talk; it is not even that we have never put a finger in a pie that was no business of ours—nor even (I regret to say) that we have never done so with the self-congratulatory exclamation of Little Jack Horner. It is that what we poked into the business was a finger, and not a stick. A finger draws back when it is stung; and a stick can be stung by a whole swarm of bees, and continue in a state of Prussian rigidity and unconsciousness. But this is not a strength in the stick, but a weakness; and it is this truly vital fact that the Prussian philosophy can never get hold of.

Now, this consciousness of contact with some living thing, which had to be respected or reasoned with, was a quality much more marked in the great soldier than in the rather small politicians of his epoch. And it is to that quality, even more than to the more hackneyed elements such as will-power and organisation, that we owe the colossal creation of a great army for England, which a year or two ago would have seemed as staggering an impossibility as a great navy for one of the cantons of Switzerland. It appears most notably in the tributes paid to him by those extraordinarily English institutions, the Trades Unions. They trusted him because he not only knew what he wanted, but knew what he did not want—an equally vital part of virility. He did not tell the workmen, in a sentimental manner, that Conscription would make men of them; he proceeded upon the assumption that they were men already. To them he represented manliness, and not a cult of manliness. Therefore he remains for them the giant who lifted a mountain of three million men, and by faith cast it across the sea.

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SIR H. F. DONALDSON,
Chief Technical Adviser to the
Ministry of Munitions.

MR. L. S. ROBERTSON,
Assistant to the Director of Production
at the Ministry of Munitions.

BRIG.-GENERAL WILFRED
ELLERSHAW, R.A.,
On Special Service at the War
Office.

MR. H. J. O'BRIEN, C.V.O., C.H.,
Of the Foreign Office.

CAPTAIN H. J. SAVILL, R.N.,
Captain of H.M.S. "Hampshire."

MEN WHO DIED WITH LORD KITCHENER: MEMBERS OF THE MISSION TO RUSSIA.

The complete party with Lord Kitchener on board the "Hampshire" was as follows: Lieut.-Col. O. A. G. Fitzgerald, Lord Kitchener's personal military secretary, and a soldier of exceptional brilliance and distinction; Brig.-General Ellershaw; Sir Hay Frederick Donaldson; Mr. Hugh James O'Beirne; and Lieut. R. D. Macpherson, 8th Cameron Highlanders; Mr. L. S. Robertson; Detective MacLaughlin, of Scotland Yard; Mr. L. C. Rix, shorthand clerk; and the following personal servants—Henry Sargy, — Shields, Walter Gurney, and Driver D. C. Brown, R.H.A.

Photographs by Swaine, Photopress, Central Press, and Manill and Fox.

and from the sentimental intimacies of the fashionable journalist) with very unusual freedom and open-mindedness in discussing a practical point with the

A SPECIAL KITCHENER MEMORIAL NUMBER OF The Illustrated London News

was published on Tuesday last, June 13. It is printed in photogravure throughout; and there is a large Presentation Plate of Lord Kitchener. It forms a remarkable record of the world-famous soldier's career; and depicts him from the time when he was a baby on his mother's knee (from a family-album photograph) to the days in which he made his last speech in the House of Lords and met his M.P. critics. The price is One Shilling.

THE CAMERA IN THE NAVAL BATTLE: PHOTOGRAPHS DURING ACTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FARRINGTON PHOTO. CO.



EVIDENCE OF ERRATIC FIRING BY THE ENEMY, AFTER THE OPENING SALVOS: GERMAN SHELLS FALLING SHORT OF THEIR OBJECTIVE.



TAKEN FROM A BRITISH WAR-SHIP UNDER FIRE IN THE GREAT NAVAL BATTLE: A GERMAN SHELL BURSTING CLOSE TO THE SHIP.

Some vivid accounts of the great naval battle have been given in letters by British officers who fought in it. One, who was on board a fast battle-ship, writes: "The only predominant thing I, in common with others, remember was the rapid bang, bang, bang, of our smaller secondary armament, as we thought; but during a lull we discovered that this was the German shells bursting on the water all round the ship, with so loud an explosion that it could be heard right deep down in the heart of the ship." Another British officer, who was on board a destroyer, says: "Never in all

my life shall I forget the wonderful scene—first sighting our battle-cruisers engaging, with four of our battle-ships, the whole of the German Fleet, and giving just as good as they got, except, of course, the Huns must have been able to concentrate about six ships on to each one of ours. It is quite impossible for me to describe the sight of our ships and the Germans all firing as hard as they could, the huge flashes from the guns, and the awful din of their going off, and the shells, striking the ships and water, exploding." The German gunnery opened accurately, but became erratic under fire.

"THE VICTORY IS NOT MERELY A VICTORY ON PAPER": ONE OF THE GERMAN LOSSES IN THE NAVAL BATTLE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ARRANGEMENT WITH THE "DAILY MAIL."



A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING THE GREAT NAVAL BATTLE IN THE NORTH SEA:
BRITISH DESTROYERS IN HOT PURSUIT OF GERMAN SHIPS.

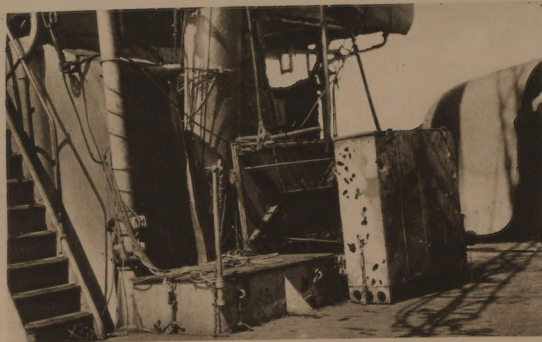
The tale of German losses in the great naval battle of May 31 and June 1 increases as time goes on, while those of our own fleet were candidly stated from the first. The German admission, about a week after the battle, that the loss of the "Lützow" and the "Rostock" had been concealed "for military reasons," has, of course, thrown doubt on all statements from Berlin about the enemy's losses. Mr. Balfour said in his speech of June 7: "The work of falsification began on the German side many hours before the Admiralty had received from Sir John Jellicoe the first authentic intimation of what had occurred." As regards the general results of the engagement, it may be recalled, the First Lord of the Admiralty went on to say: "The Germans are relatively far inferior to what they were before the battle. Neither in the North Sea nor in the Baltic can they for many months attempt

THE BOWS OF A SINKING GERMAN LIGHT CRUISER; AND (IN THE BACKGROUND)
PURSUIT OF GERMAN SHIPS.

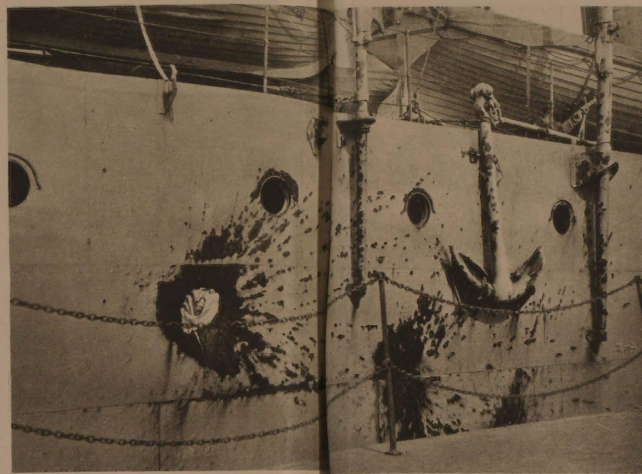
an organised fleet effort, which might have been in their power before the battle. The battle has not been indecisive; the victory is not merely a victory on paper. . . . There are three problems—the problem of the blockade, the problem of the invasion, and the more general problem—the command of the seas for ordinary commercial intercourse. In respect of which of these problems is not the German position worse than it was before the battle began? . . . If any German seriously entertained the view that invasion was possible, does he not now regard that as one of the many unfulfilled dreams which this war has dissipated for ever? And, lastly, there is the general power of our Fleets to prevent enemy commerce going on in time of war. . . . Is the position not better now that the enemy have lost some of their most modern light cruisers?"

HONOURABLE WOUNDS: BATTLE-SCARS OF ONE OF OUR LIGHT WAR-SHIPS AFTER THE NORTH SEA VICTORY.

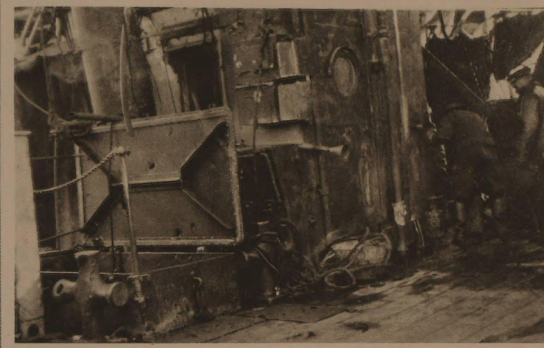
PHOTOGRAPH BY G.N.



RIDDED LIKE THE TOP OF A PEPPER-CASTOR: AN UPPER-DECK TANK ON BOARD THE WAR-SHIP.



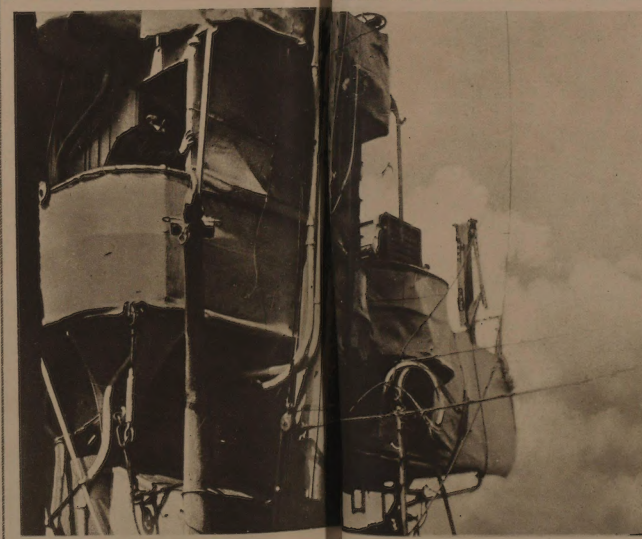
WHERE AN ENEMY'S SHELL HIT THE SHIP'S SIDE: A SHOT-HOLE PLUGGED WITH HAMMOCK BEDDING.



WHERE SHELLS BURST CLOSE OVER THE SHIP: HOLES THROUGH THE IRON COVER OF A HATCHWAY.



WHERE A GERMAN SHELL GOT HOME: THE JAGGED HOLE AS STOPPED WITH HAMMOCK BEDDING.



HITS ABOVE THE UPPER DECK: A SHELL-HIT MAST AND UPPER-WORKS.



A HIT LOW DOWN ON THE SHIP'S SIDE: THE HOLE PLUGGED WITH A COLLISION-MAT, KEPT FOR BIG CAVITIES.

The six illustrations here reproduced are photographs taken on board one of the light British war-ships which took part in the North Sea battle of May 31-June 1, and helped towards the victory. "How precipitate was the flight of the German fleet," to quote the words of Lord Selborne, "was shown by the fact that on the whole of Sir John Jellicoe's ships only three men were wounded. Not one of his ships was able to get in any gun-fire for a longer period than six minutes." With the British destroyers, the light cruisers were sent in at full speed, twenty-nine to thirty knots, to follow up the victory, and harry the retreating enemy, who, as dusk fell, were "making off in confusion," as an officer's letter in a paper

describes. "Without the loss of a single one among themselves, the light cruisers and their "black-squad" consorts accounted before dawn on June 1 for at least four of the German light cruisers, who were trying to cover the German Dreadnoughts in their flight. More than four are claimed by us, as far as could be counted in the darkness, but four light cruisers are admitted by the enemy as having been sent to the bottom—the "Wiesbaden," "Elbing," "Rostock," and "Frauenlob." The two former were new 4500-ton vessels built since the war began; the "Rostock" was a ship launched in the year before the war.

MAY 31—3.30 P.M.: THE OPENING ENCOUNTERS OF THE NAVAL BATTLE.

DRAWINGS BY CHARLES PEARS (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU AND A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER IN THE BATTLE).



FULL SPEED AHEAD FOR "FIRST BLOOD": OUR VAN FLOTILLA OF DESTROYERS (THE "SHARK" ONE OF THE LEADERS) RACING IN TO OPEN THE BATTLE.



ADMIRAL BEATTY'S BULL-DOG GRIP, WHICH HELD THE ENEMY TILL THE GRAND FLEET ARRIVED: BATTLE-CRUISERS IN HOT ACTION.

One of the destroyer flotillas first of all got in touch with the enemy on the afternoon of May 31, and, with the others next at hand, giving warning to the battle-cruiser squadron a short distance in rear, at once raced in at full speed to engage, regardless of the odds. They are seen pressing forward at their fastest in the upper illustration. The "Shark"—a war-ship name henceforward immortalised in naval annals—was in the forefront among those that first attacked. With characteristic daring and self-devotion, Commander Loftus Jones steered boldly in between two columns of the enemy's

destroyers, and began with them; the "Shark," it is claimed, firing the first shot of the battle. In the lower illustration the van of the British battle-cruiser squadron is shown coming into action with the leaders of the Dreadnoughts of the German High Seas Fleet, seen to the left, but only partially visible owing to the mist. "The height of the splashes from the enemy's shots," writes the sender of the sketch (which has been faithfully followed), "are minimised rather than exaggerated. Both sides were making good shooting."—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

LORD KITCHENER IN THE GREAT WAR.



FIELD-MARSHAL EARL KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM AND OF BROOME, K.G., ETC.

BORN, JUNE 24, 1850.

DIED, JUNE 5, 1916.

Owing to the comparatively limited space at our disposal this week, we are compelled, with the greatest regret, to deal with the late Lord Kitchener only as he was during the Great War, in which he played so remarkable a part. For those of our readers who wish a complete illustrated record of the Field-Marshal's career—from a photograph of him as a baby on his mother's knee, to the last photograph taken of him, and a drawing of him making his last speech in the House of Lords—we may call attention to the special Kitchener Memorial Number of this paper published on Tuesday last (June 13). That issue is all printed in photogravure, and has a large photogravure presentation-plate.

Horatio Herbert Kitchener, K.G., P.C., O.M., etc., first Earl Kitchener of Khartoum and of Broome, was son of the late Lieut.-Colonel Henry Horatio Kitchener. He entered the Royal Engineers in 1871. His services included: Soudan Campaign, 1883-85; Handoub, 1888; Suakim, 1888; Toski, 1889; Dongola Expedition, 1896; Nile Expedition, 1897-98; Soudan Campaign, 1898; Omdurman; Khartoum; Fashoda; South Africa; High Commissioner of South Africa and Administrator of Transvaal and Orange River Colony; Sirdar of Egyptian Army; Governor-General of the Soudan; Commander-in-Chief in India; Agent and Consul-General in Egypt; and Secretary of State for War during the Great War.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY

LORD KITCHENER AT THE DARDANELLES: HIS VISIT TO GALLIPOLI TO CONSIDER THE QUESTION OF EVACUATION.

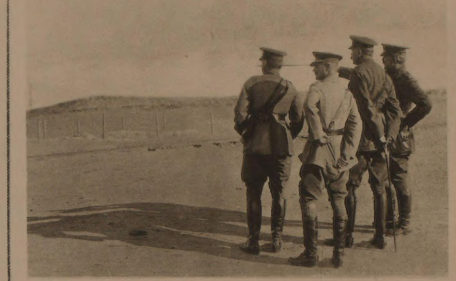
PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



LORD KITCHENER AT "ANZAC": COMING DOWN A STEEP PATH WITH GENERAL BIRDWOOD.



LORD KITCHENER COMING ABOARD A BRITISH WAR-SHIP: EMBARKING FOR ATHENS IN A DESTROYER—H.M.S. "LAFAREY"—DURING HIS TOUR IN THE EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN.



OBSERVING POSITIONS IN GALLIPOLI: (LEFT TO RIGHT) SIR JOHN MAXWELL, GENERAL BIRDWOOD, LORD KITCHENER, AND MAJOR-GENERAL DAVIES.



AMONG THE "ANZACS" AT "ANZAC": LORD KITCHENER TALKING TO AUSTRALIAN SOLDIERS.



GREETED BY THE FRENCH COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AT THE DARDANELLES: LORD KITCHENER AT SEDD-UL-BAHR.



WITHIN TWENTY YARDS OF THE UNSUSPECTING TURKS: LORD KITCHENER (SECOND FROM RIGHT) IN THE "ANZAC" TRENCHES.



PASSING THROUGH THE FRENCH LINES: LORD KITCHENER WITH THE FRENCH COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF (ON THE RIGHT) AT SEDD-UL-BAHR.



AT SEDD-UL-BAHR: LORD KITCHENER FOLLOWED BY SIR HENRY McMAHON, HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR EGYPT, AND THE FRENCH COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.



IN THE CLIFF-TOP TRENCHES AT "ANZAC": LORD KITCHENER (SECOND FROM LEFT IN GROUP OF FOUR) IN GALLIPOLI.

Lord Kitchener went out to the Dardanelles last November to see the military position for himself with a view to deciding the question of evacuation. On his way home he visited Athens, where he had an interview with King Constantine; Rome; and the Italian front. Captain C. C. W. Bean, official Press representative with the Australian forces, wrote: "Lord Kitchener visited Anzac to-day. Very few even of the senior officers had any previous knowledge of the visit, but the moment he stepped ashore the men 'tumbled' to it, and a remarkable scene occurred. How the knowledge could spread so fast I do not know, but by the time Lord Kitchener had reached the end of the pier the men were tumbling like rabbits out of every dug-out on the hillside, jumping over obstacles and making straight for the beach. . . The men spontaneously called for

cheers, and gave them again and again. It was purely a soldiers' welcome. Lord Kitchener many times turned to the men. 'His Majesty the King has asked me to tell you how splendidly he thinks you have done,' he said. 'You have done excellently well. Better,' he added, 'even than I thought you would.' Without any pause Lord Kitchener went straight up the steepest road in Anzac, direct from the beach to the highest point in the old Anzac area. . . He went through the front firing-trench on the neck where the Light Horse had charged. The troops could scarcely be restrained from cheering him, although the Turks in places were within twenty yards. . . The Anzac staff had some moments of considerable anxiety as the tall person with a staff officer's cap went stalking down certain awkward corners, all too visible to the Turkish snipers."

"YOUR KING AND COUNTRY NEED YOU!" LORD KITCHENER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, ALFIERI, RECORD PRESS.



WHEN RECRUITS WERE MORE NUMEROUS THAN UNIFORMS: LORD KITCHENER REVIEWING MEN OF THE NEW ARMIES AT WOKING, IN SEPTEMBER, 1914.



WITH THE KING AND QUEEN AT A PRESENTATION OF STANDING BESIDE HER MAJESTY.



IN THE KING'S CAR: LORD KITCHENER SITTING BESIDE HIS MAJESTY AT AN INSPECTION OF TROOPS AT WINCHESTER, JANUARY 12, 1915.



AT AN INSPECTION OF THE MEN OF THE NEW ARMIES: LORD KITCHENER



LORD KITCHENER AT MANCHESTER (IN FRONT OF THE GROUP ON THE RIGHT): TAKING THE SALUTE FROM THE STEPS OF THE TOWN HALL.



WITH THE KING AT AN INSPECTION OF OVERSEA AT A REVIEW

AND THE ARMIES RAISED BY THE MAGIC OF HIS NAME.

FARRINGTON PHOTO. CO., C.N., NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS, AND TOPICAL.



SHAMROCK TO THE IRISH GUARDS: LORD KITCHENER WITH HER MAJESTY.



WITH THE KING AND QUEEN AT AN INSPECTION OF RECRUITS FOR THE NEW ARMIES: LORD KITCHENER WALKING WITH HIS MAJESTY AT ALDERSHOT.



WATCHING TROOPS MARCH PAST AT BASINGSTOKE IN JUNE, 1915



LORD KITCHENER AT LIVERPOOL: TAKING THE SALUTE AS THE TROOPS MARCHED PAST, AT A PARADE IN MARCH, 1915.



TROOPS: LORD KITCHENER (ON A WHITE HORSE) OF CANADIANS.



AT AN INSPECTION OF IRISH SOLDIERS BY THE KING: LORD KITCHENER RIDING BEHIND HIS MAJESTY.

From the moment of his first "Call to Arms," with its stirring summons, "Your King and Country Need You!" Lord Kitchener took a deep interest in the training of those great new forces of the Crown which the magic of his own name did so much to bring into being, and which even came to be known as "Kitchener's Army." "When Lord Kitchener's career comes to be surveyed," said Mr. Balfour the other day, "perhaps the greatest triumph of his life, the event which will be for ever most closely and intimately associated with his memory, is the great and successful effort he made to create that vast military machinery—absolutely non-existent less than two years ago—and now prepared to do its share, and more than its share.

in the military labours of the Allies." In his first speech, as War Minister, in the House of Lords, Lord Kitchener himself said: "My occupation of the post of Secretary of State for War is a temporary one. The terms of my service are the same as those under which some of the finest portions of our manhood, now so willingly stepping forward to join the colours, are engaging—that is to say, for the war, or if it lasts longer than three years, then for three years. It has been asked why the latter limit has been fixed. It is because, should this disastrous war be prolonged—and no one can foretell with any certainty its duration—then after three years' war there will be others fresh and fully prepared to take our places and see this matter through."

LORD KITCHENER AS SECRETARY OF STATE FOR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., ALFIERI, NEWSPAPER

WAR: THE LAST PHASE OF A GREAT CAREER.

ILLUSTRATIONS AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., ALFIERI, NEWSPAPER



IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE WAR: LORD KITCHENER, WITH LORD HALDANE, OUTSIDE THE WAR OFFICE ON AUGUST 12, 1914.



ENCOURAGING THE VOLUNTEERS: LORD KITCHENER INSPECTING NOVEMBER, JUST BEFORE



THE NATIONAL GUARD AT WELLINGTON BARRACKS LAST NOVEMBER, JUST BEFORE LEAVING FOR GALLI POLI.



HIS FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE AS WAR MINISTER: LORD KITCHENER LEAVING THE WAR OFFICE TO ATTEND HIS FIRST CABINET MEETING.



DURING ONE OF HIS VISITS TO THE WESTERN FRONT: LORD KITCHENER, WITH MR. ASQUITH AND A FRENCH OFFICER, SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE OR FLANDERS.



A SOLDIER-STATESMAN WHO HAD "NO POLITICS": LORD KITCHENER, WITH SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON, IN LONDON ON A CEREMONIAL OCCASION.



HIS LAST PUBLIC APPEARANCE AS WAR MINISTER: LORD KITCHENER LEAVING THE WAR OFFICE TO MEET HIS HOUSE OF COMMONS CRITICS.



ONE OF THE LAST PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN OF HIM: LORD KITCHENER ENTERTAINING WOUNDED SOLDIERS AT BROOME PARK A WEEK OR TWO BEFORE HIS DEATH.

The photographs given above were taken at various times during the last and greatest phase of Lord Kitchener's career—his tenure of the office of Secretary of State for War, from the beginning of the war until his death. It is interesting now to recall his first speech as War Minister in the House of Lords, delivered on August 25, 1914. "In the first place," he said, "I desire to make a personal statement. Noble Lords on both sides of the House doubtless know that, while associating myself in the fullest degree for the prosecution of the war with my colleagues in his Majesty's Government, my position on this bench does not in any way imply that I belong to any political party, for, as a soldier, I have no politics."

Lord Kitchener's last public appearance in London in his official capacity was at the meeting held in a committee-room of the House of Commons, on June 2, when he met a number of his critics, answered their questions, and made a statement. On the previous day, it will be remembered, there had been a debate in the House of Commons on his administration of the War Office. The meeting with M.P.'s has been described as "a personal success" for Lord Kitchener. His last speech in the House of Lords, on May 30, dealt with the subject of the Volunteers. "Personally," he said in conclusion, "I welcome the presence in the country of a large body of disciplined men who might prove of great service in case of great national emergency."

WITH INDIANS DURING THE WAR: LORD KITCHENER AT BRIGHTON.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



PAYING A SPECIAL COMPLIMENT TO A HERO OF WHOM ALL INDIA IS PROUD: LORD KITCHENER VISITING THE WOUNDED V.C., SUBADAR MIR DAST.



SHOWING HIS SYMPATHY WITH SOLDIERS HE ONCE COMMANDED: IN THE GROUNDS OF A HOSPITAL FOR WOUNDED INDIAN SOLDIERS.

In the upper illustration Lord Kitchener is seen, with Colonel J. N. MacLeod, in conversation with the famous Indian Victoria-Cross hero, Subadar Mir Dast, 55th Coke's Rifles, V.C., I.O.M., while recovering from his wounds in England. Below, Lord Kitchener is shown during one of his visits to wounded Indian soldiers in England, passing along a line of them, and congratulating them on their gallantry in action.

Lord Kitchener never forgot the years he spent as Commander-in-Chief in India, nor how the modern Indian Army, is, so to speak, his own child—how it owes its organisation for war to him above all others. There is hardly an Indian regiment that he did not meet during his incessant visits of inspection round all quarters of his command. His personal influence with the Indian Army was, in fact, a great national asset.

Dunlop: Given up motoring? Just for the time being, eh?

Clubman: Yes! Couldn't fight myself, you know, so gave the car to the Red Cross people. Don't suppose she'll be much good by the time they've finished with her!

Dunlop: I'm afraid that's very true. What are you doing about another car?

Clubman: I'm tenth man on a waiting list for cars for delivery after the war and, by the way, I specified Dunlop tyres.

Dunlop: That's good—for us both!

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London, S.W. Paris: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll.



LORD KITCHENER AND THE ALLIES: WITH FRANCE, RUSSIA, AND ITALY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALBERT AND S. AND G.



INSPECTING TROOPS IN FRANCE: LORD KITCHENER WITH GENERAL JOFFRE, M. MILLERAND, AND GENERAL FOCH.



AT THE FRENCH FRONT NEAR THE FIRING-LINE: LORD KITCHENER WITH GENERAL JOFFRE AND M. MILLERAND



IN A FIRST-LINE TRENCH IN FRANCE: LORD KITCHENER ACCOMPANYING GENERAL JOFFRE.



WITH THE FRENCH NEAR VERDUN: LORD KITCHENER WITH M. MILLERAND, GEN. JOFFRE, AND GEN. DE LANGLE DE CARY.



MEETING THE ITALIAN GENERALISSIMO IN LONDON: LORD KITCHENER AND GENERAL COUNT CADORNA.



WITH RUSSIAN SOLDIERS IN LONDON: LORD KITCHENER INSPECTING THE RUSSIAN DETACHMENT SENT TO ENGLAND ON SPECIAL DUTY.



INSPECTING THE RUSSIAN MUNITION CONTINGENT IN LONDON: LORD KITCHENER'S VISIT AT A SPECIAL PARADE.

Lord Kitchener was constantly in personal touch with the Allied Commanders-in-Chief, particularly, as geographical conditions necessitated, with those in charge on the Western Front. Besides meeting General Joffre in London, he made a number of visits to France, and was taken along sections of the French advanced lines by the French Generalissimo. In the first illustration, Lord Kitchener is seen at an inspection of troops in France with General Joffre and M. Millerand, French War Minister, last year. Lord Kitchener is on the right; next is General Joffre; then M. Millerand. Behind is General Foch. In the second illustration—in France, near the firing-line—the former three are again shown together. General Joffre is on this side of the dragon; M. Millerand is

by him; Lord Kitchener is to the left. In the third illustration Lord Kitchener is seen in one of the French trenches—the last of the three figures. General Joffre is seen in the foreground. The figures in the fourth illustration are, reading from left to right: M. Millerand, Lord Kitchener, General Joffre, and General De Langle de Cary, previously in command of the Verdun sector. The fifth illustration shows Lord Kitchener and the Italian Generalissimo, Count Cadorna, at the railway station on the latter's arrival to meet the British Army authorities in England. Lord Kitchener had previously met General Cadorna when he visited the Italian front on his return from the Dardanelles. Lord Kitchener inspected the Russian detachment sent to England on munition service.



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P. 586

Have you
ever thought
how little food is
absorbed in illness, and
how every grain must count
for or against recovery?

In Benger's Food, *all is food*, in a form so bland and soothing, and so easily assimilated, as to fully justify its reputation as the safe Food in illness.

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P. 583

Hardwearing Household Linen



and Handkerchiefs. Linen for household use is expected to stand hard usage and to last long. Our linens, woven from the purest flax yarns, and bleached on the green fields of Ireland, possess both these qualities, as generations of housewives have proved. We are offering them at makers' prices. Examples from our list—

TABLE LINEN.—No. G713.—Superfine Double Damask Tablecloth, suitable for a square table. Design: Siculo Arabian Ornament and Centre Piece, Border on Table. In sizes 2 x 2 yards, 22/6; 2 x 2½ yards, 28/2; 2 x 3 yards, 33/9; 2 x 3½ yards, 39/5; 2½ x 3 yards, 49/-; 2½ x 3½ yards, 57/2 each. Dinner Napkins to match, size 2½ x 3½ yard, 50/- per dozen. **Linen Tea Cloths**, hand-embroidered, size 36 x 36 inches, 4/11, 5/9, and 6/6 each.

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TOWELS.—Grass-bleached Hemstitched Linen Huckaback Towels, size 24 x 40 inches, 19/6 per dozen; size 24 x 41 inches, 29/3 per dozen. Splendid value.

HANDKERCHIEFS.—No. 68.—Ladies' Sheer Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, size about 13 ins. with ¼ in. hem, per doz., 7/6. No. 29.—Gentlemen's Pure Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, size about 20½ ins., with ¼-in. hem, per doz., 19/6

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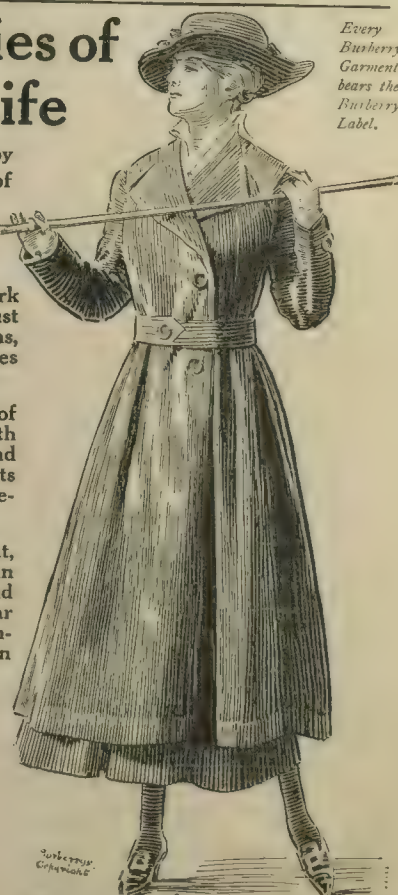
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

THE BARRIE MATINÉE

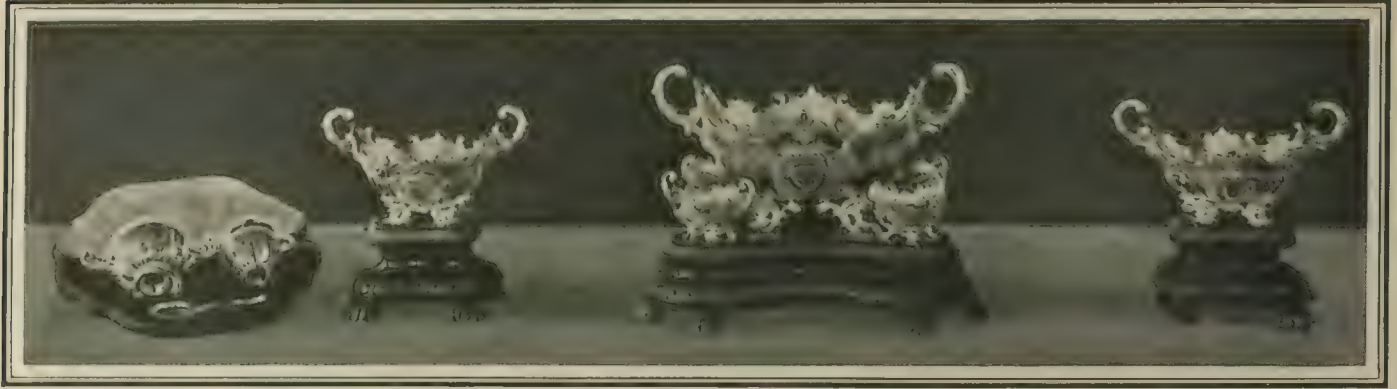
THE Barrie matinée was deprived of the promised presence of royalty, owing to the tragic event of the week; none the less, it was such an enormous success that Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson was able to announce receipts running into thousands such as made a record for whatever theatres have accomplished in the way of war-charities. The scene was the Coliseum, the performance was in aid of the Star and Garter Hostel at Richmond, and Queen Mary had herself selected "The Admirable Crichton" as main element of the programme. For the occasion Sir James Barrie had written in special parts to

was more entertainment to follow, for Sir James once more was responsible for "Irene Vanbrugh's Pantomime." In this Miss Vanbrugh for once forgot her lines—which was, perhaps, as well, since she was billed to announce the date of the end of the war; Miss Ethel Levey and other actresses plied their arts on simple male colleagues; and Mrs. Patrick Campbell introduced a screamingly funny film drama in which Mr. Shaw, Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Archer, and Lord Howard de Walden were shown rolling in barrels, climbing cliffs, and generally emulating the broncho-buster. An unforgettable afternoon!

"PELL MELL" AT THE AMBASSADORS.

A mock altercation between the manager, Mr. Cochran, and a man in painter's overalls who refused to budge

as an Antony whose limpness is quaintly associated with the ardour Miss Dorothy Minto's Cleopatra displays for rag-time; but the French comedian is even better worth watching when he is busy over his cocktail, or places himself at the mercy of a maddening barber. Delysia, too, has some delightful turns—her share, for instance, in a skit on musical comedy, and, happier still, her exquisite miming in what is called "A Fragonard Impression." Mr. Harvey's impersonation of a child-actress ought not to be forgotten; nor the farcical "Tube" episode, nor the pleasant tunes of Mr. Nat. D. Ayer. "Pell Mell," in fact, is worthy of its theatre, worthy of its company, and worthy of its traditions; and anybody who remembers



SHEFFIELD'S PRESENTATION TO THE AUSTRALIAN PREMIER, THE HON. WILLIAM HUGHES.

Few visitors from the Antipodes have made so swift, favourable, and enduring an impression upon the English people as that created by the eloquence, sterling sense, and patriotic fervour of Mr. W. M. Hughes, the Prime Minister of Australia, and for that reason special interest attaches to our illustration showing the beautiful silver dessert service presented by the citizens of Sheffield to Mrs. Hughes, on the occasion of her husband, the Prime Minister, receiving the freedom of the city, and the christening set

given to the Premier's baby daughter, Helen. The dessert service comprises seven pieces, decorated with exquisite skill in the "Louis Quinze" style, and standing on plinths carved in harmony with the same period of decoration. The christening set comprises an ornate porringer, cover, spoon, and can, all richly embellished with ornaments in the Elizabethan style. Both of these beautiful services were manufactured with their customary skill and taste by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Ltd., of the Royal Works, Sheffield.

accommodate a cast of "stars," so that, besides having Mr. Gerald du Maurier and Miss Hilda Trevelyan in their old rôles, and Mr. Arthur Bourchier as Crichton, we saw Miss Lillah McCarthy, Miss Gladys Cooper, Miss Lily Elsie, Mr. Dennis Eadie, Sir George Alexander, Mr. Ainley, Mr. Hawtrey, Mr. Gwenn, Miss Vesta Tilley (as a page), and many others filling the stage—not to mention Ellen Terry, to whom all the company knelt while she was given a bouquet as "our dear Queen of the Stage." But there

with his ladder, and turned out to be Mr. Morris Harvey, made an amusing start of the new revue at the Ambassadors', which fully justifies its title of "Pell Mell" in apparent incoherence, and makes of that incoherence the jolliest and most reckless fun. Parody runs riot in Messrs. Thompson and Harvey's mélange, and all the favourites are given adequate opportunities of displaying at once their virtuosity and their capacities for burlesque. Quickly M. Morton sets to work posing

"More" and its predecessor, will know what that means in the way of recommendation.

In our "Roll of Honour" page of June 10 we gave a portrait of Brigadier-General G. B. Howard Rice, Indian Army, in which he was inadvertently described as Captain. We take the first opportunity of making the correction, by request of the relatives of the late Brigadier-General.

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DIGESTIBILITY.—This is ensured, not by the elimination or removal of certain parts of the cocoa, but by a process of peptonising or partially pre-digesting, which renders it perfectly easy of digestion even by the most delicate.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

New Records. Somehow or other, I felt sorry that Mr. S. F. Edge's record twenty-four hours' run on the six-cylinder Napier at Brooklands, made nine years ago, should now be beaten. 'Tis true, more's the pity, that this long-standing British and world's record has been captured by the Americans, though it was more or less to be expected after the boom in motor racing-tracks in that country during the past two years. The present holder is Mr. Ralph Mulford (a British name, anyhow), and on May 2, driving a Hudson six-cylinder car, he covered 1819 miles in the twenty-four hours, as against "S. F.'s" total of 1581 miles. It is interesting to record the progress hour by hour of these two great achievements of both men and motors—

Hours	Miles.		Hours	Miles.		Hours	Miles.	
	Old Record.	New Record.		Old Record.	New Record.		Old Record.	New Record.
1	70	77	9	609	698	17	1139	1310
2	144	154	10	670	770	18	1203	1382
3	207	233	11	737	850	19	1263	1461
4	271	308	12	799	923	20	1327	1532
5	342	380	13	866	1004	21	1390	1597
6	407	463	14	938	1078	22	1458	1669
7	474	542	15	1006	1158	23	1519	1740
8	537	616	16	1068	1233	24	1581	1810

Like Mr. Edge, Mr. Mulford drove the car throughout—on the Sheephead Bay track near New York. The mechanics were changed twelve times, and sixteen stops were made, the two longest being about six minutes each. Goodrich Silvertown cord tyres were used, and only one changed. This speaks volumes for the tyres themselves, the driver, and, last but not least, the surface conditions of the track itself. The engine ran 1460 miles without a stop, and the only engine stops were for minor troubles, such as dirt in the carburetter, and the spark-plugs had to be changed once. Americans are great in detail, and Mulford was medically examined about half-way through and found to be in good physical condition. Judging from the frequent changes in mechanics, it is doubtful if they were so fit. Petrol-consumption was 11.4 miles per gallon, and lubrication used one gallon of oil per 150 miles. According to the reports in the U.S.A.



TOURING IN THE UPPER SEVERN VALLEY: A WOLSELEY 16-20-H.P. CAR AMIDST THE BEAUTIFUL SCENERY ABOVE THE SEVERN, NORTH OF IRONBRIDGE, WHICH TAKES ITS NAME FROM THE FIRST METAL BRIDGE CONSTRUCTED IN ENGLAND, TOWARDS THE END OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.



BUSINESS VEHICLES WHICH DO GOOD WORK: THE "NAPIERS."

It is often assumed that the keenest competition exists between the railways and motor transporters, but, as a matter of fact, the two services work in very friendly alliance, the business vehicles being used to feed the railways and for delivery of goods. This system is already widely established, and no doubt there will be a great extension in the near future. Its value is unquestionable. Napier business vehicles have been engaged on this class of work for a considerable time, and they are spoken of very highly for their efficiency and reliability by the great carrying companies, and their sphere of service is steadily growing.

papers, after 1526 miles Mulford raced round one lap at 89.4 miles per hour; but his average speed at 500 miles was 77.1 miles per hour, and at 1000 miles 76.4 miles per hour, while for the whole distance it worked out at a speed of 75.8 miles per hour. Since the house-owners around Brooklands obtained an injunction against the Brooklands Motor Racing Club to prevent their ever again running a twenty-four hours' contest, there is little chance of our ever being able to claim this record in this country again; and British cars will have to fight for it on foreign soil.

Necessary Motors. Looking through a bunch of American newspapers dealing with motoring topics, sent to me by my American correspondent, I notice that the head of the Overland firm, Mr. John N. Willys, has been for a tour along the Pacific coast. This gentleman states in an interview that even though money is plentiful, and reports show the country to be in a wonderfully prosperous condition, he did not believe the vast number of cars now being sold in the U.S.A.

would be possible were it not for the public awakening to the fact that they needed them instead of merely wanting them. People in all walks of life seem to have realised the necessity of the motor-car; and business men, he found, were now regarding a car as a necessary adjunct to their office equipment. Anyway, the registration of cars in the State of New York surpasses all previous records this year. Cars are being licensed at the rate of over 2000 per day, and, in all, 171,977 cars have been ticketed as against 142,576 cars last year. I was told the other day,

by a man who had just returned from the States, that a large number of the artisan class were buying cars to take them to their work every day. So this, taken together with Mr. Willys's statement, makes one feel that the American manufacturers' estimate of selling 2,000,000 cars in this year of grace 1916 is likely to prove correct.

Naturally, the rise in price of petrol is due in some degree to the extra demands caused by this ever-increasing multitude of car-users. The high price also has brought forward more prominently all sorts of devices for economy in using the spirit, and also petrol substitutes. Here in England the motorist has tried several "extra air" devices for

(Continued overleaf)

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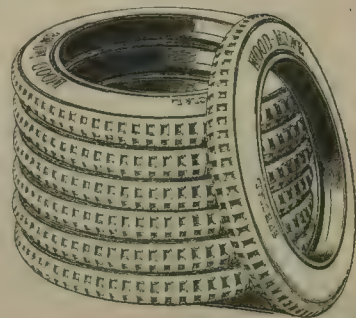
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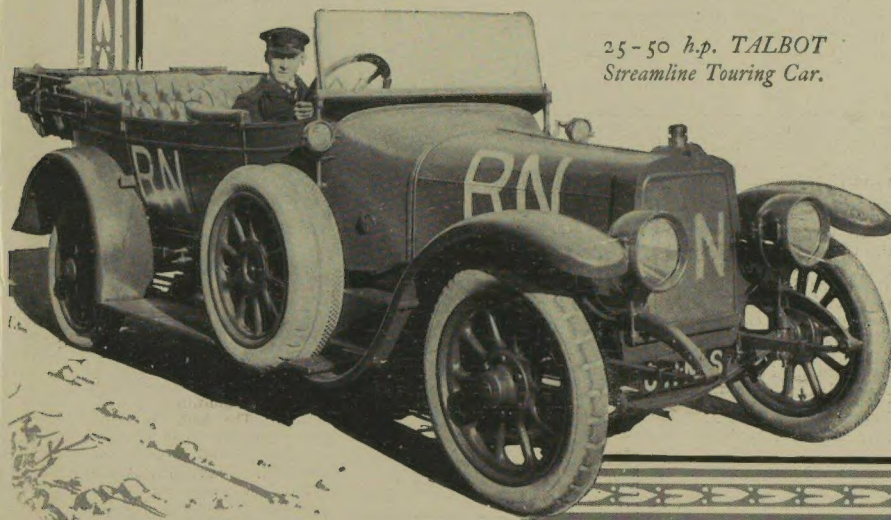
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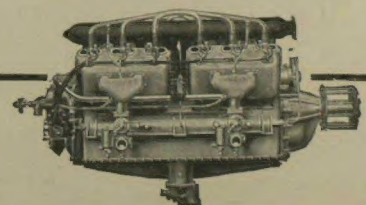
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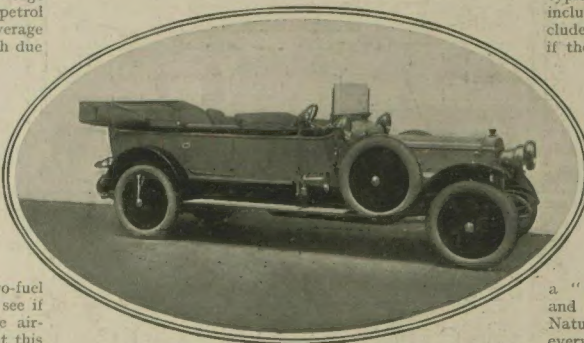
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(Continued.) economy, and has diluted his petrol with paraffin to as much as half-and-half. Paraffin at 8d. or 10d. per gallon and petrol at 2s. 10d., 2s. 9d., or 2s. 8d., brings down the price to a more reasonable figure; and if the extra mileage is also gained by the fitting of one or other of these petrol economisers the bill for fuel is not prohibitive to the average car-owner. I believe, and I make the statement with due reserve, that one of the London taxi-cab companies has reduced its petrol mixture down to a cost of 8d. per gallon, and the mileage ranges between twelve and twenty-two miles to the gallon, according to the particular taxi. It seems almost too good to be true, yet there is no reason to doubt the statement, as the company is very well managed, and, of course, buys both petrol and paraffin at the best wholesale price. Many commercial firms using "heavy" motors are fitting bi-fuel carburettors, so as to start up on petrol and then run on paraffin alone. Just one word of advice to those who may alter their present petrol-using carburettors and fit the two-fuel kind. The engines need constant care at first, to see if there is any excessive deposit of carbon; and the air-regulation requires careful attention also, to prevent this and to get the best results.

Road Repairs. I notice in the German newspapers that the prisoners of war—British, French, and Russian—are making and repairing

the roads in that country. It seems a pity that some, if not all, of the Germans and Austrians that we have captured should not be similarly



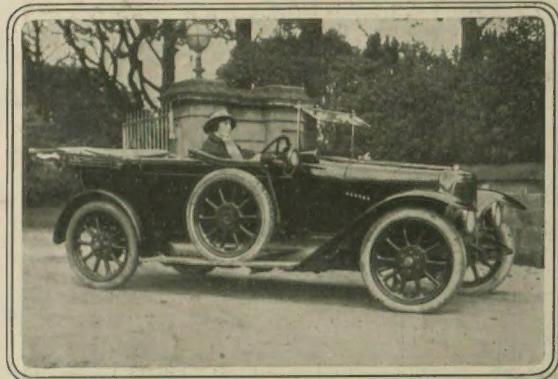
A HANDSOME "DAIMLER" CAR: AN OPEN CAR SUPPLIED BEFORE THE WAR.

The merits of the "Daimler" productions are too familiar to all motorists to need recapitulation; but the car of which we give a photograph is of special interest, as it represents the last Daimler open car supplied previous to the outbreak of war.

employed in the same capacity here. I must say that under the existing conditions of affairs, our roads are wonderful, but they do need a lot of labour and material being spent upon them to bring them into the same state *quo ante bellum*. What one feels is that motorists have more than the ordinary citizen's right to be heard in regard to roads, as they have been taxed specially for the betterment of the highways; and so they feel that, as they pay a vast sum annually (or did before the war), they ought to have value for it.

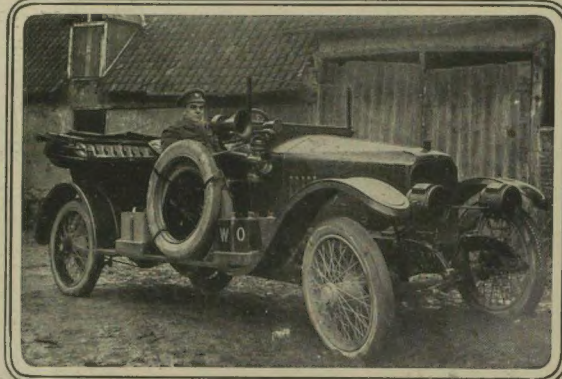
Motor Costs. I noticed recently in a contemporary newspaper a chart of the chief elements in the cost of motoring, which took as a typical expenditure the sum of over £300 per annum, including hotel bill and food payments. This included a sum of over £100 for the paid driver, so even if the owner saved this outlay the cost would be over £200 per year. This cost of an 18-h.p. car run 7000 miles each twelvemonth coincides exactly with my own expenses of a similarly powered machine, and confirms my recent paragraph about the futility of statements often made by persons that their motoring only costs them £50 or less each year. That is why I have not protested too violently against the suggested increase in the carriage license duties; £12 more or less each year on an expenditure of £200 is not going to prevent anybody still running their car if badly needed. If such a sum is of much consequence, then the possessor of a car has a "white elephant" that he cannot afford to feed, and he had better get rid of it as soon as possible. Naturally, with the general increase of expenses in every direction, nobody wants to pay a penny more for anything than he or she is absolutely obliged to. I should like to get off the extra £12—or is it guineas?—after June 6; but, as the money has to be found somehow for the country's expenses, I shall pay and try to look as pleasant as I can.

W. W.



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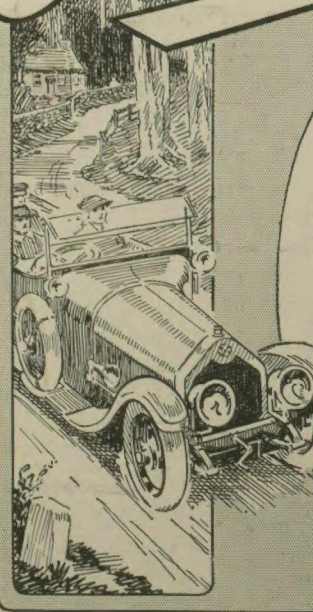


THE "VAUXHALL" AT THE FRONT: A 25-H.P. VAUXHALL STAFF CAR IN FRANCE.

The driver who sent this photograph remarked that he is still driving the same car which he had in 1914, and that it runs as well as ever, and he adds that "all men of whatever rank one meets out here are thoroughly pleased with the 'Vauxhall' cars and their behaviour."

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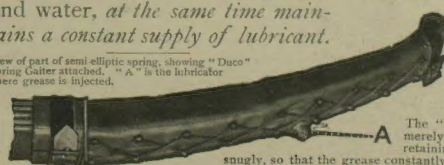
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NEW NOVELS.

"Jem-a-Dreams." The author's preface to "Jem-a-Dreams" (Holden and Hardingham) ensures a respectful and expectant attitude on the part of the reviewer. This novel, we are told, is an endeavour to break new ground. Some years ago an *Athenaeum* reviewer expressed a wish to see the methods of realism applied to the historical novel, and Mr. Ferrier Langworthy was thereby encouraged to continue in "a most arduous task," the writing of "Jem-a-Dreams," which is intended to illustrate the principle in practice. "When writing the former—i.e., an ordinary historical novel—an author has only to avoid words and phrases that are obtrusively modern, whereas with the 'realistic' historical novel they must be used if they were in use then—hence an unconscionable time must be spent over Murray's, Nares', Farmer's, and others' dictionaries. Nor must such a book be judged by the same standard as the ordinary historical novel, where exciting incident and rapid movement are the main desiderata, while 'Truth' is relegated to a second place." Thus far Mr. Langworthy's apologia, and with a beating heart we turn to the first chapter of this epoch-making work. Alas for the vanity of human hopes! The researches into "Murray's, Nares', Farmer's, and others' dictionaries" have produced results unlikely to supersede the obsolete romantic method of (for example) "Waverley." Exciting incident and rapid movement having been sedulously avoided, the upshot is six hundred pages of fiction that but mildly reflect the pictures of Restoration life by Pepys and Evelyn and Grammont—to whose diaries, of course, the author is indebted for some of the "Truth" he has diluted in "Jem-a-Dreams." Mr. Langworthy's devotion to realism works out, to be candid, in a novel too lengthy and too trivial to be read with sustained interest from cover to cover.

"The Phases of Felicity."

Clearly we have not yet come to the novelist who shall exactly interpret to us the South African nation. There was once an Olive Schreiner who almost, but not quite, managed it. Not quite, because she lacked detachment—was too eager, too much a bundle of raw nerves, and too vociferously a partisan. Perceval Gibbon wrote a memorable novel in "Souls in Bondage"; but with him too, as with the author of "The Dop Doctor," the situations later were unbearably poignant. Something in South

the people in the book are so much smaller than their setting. Perhaps it is wisest to stop looking for the soul of South Africa, and to accept "The Phases of Felicity" as if it had been staged in some older, staler country, when it will appear in its proper perspective as quite an average light novel.

"The Little Demon."

There is a note of misgiving in M. Sologub's introduction (Martin Secker) to an English public. "In days of Anglo-Russian rapprochement, in days of great stress, when a common danger unites two great nations, it seems to me perhaps unseasonable to acquaint England with this sombre picture. . . ."

M. Sologub is afraid that we shall accept his portrait of Peredonov as the portrait of a typical Russian. Let us hasten to reassure him. It is precisely in such times as those we now live in that we sit with humility, seeking passionately for some light upon the apparent bankruptcy of Christian charity in the world; and it is precisely such a portrait as his study of Peredonov that points us to the truth. Peredonov is not the man of a specific nationality. He is the evil side of all humanity, the sordid explanation of much that has appalled us in the present calamity that has befallen the human race. It is the Peredonovs who warp the children who are to be the men of the next

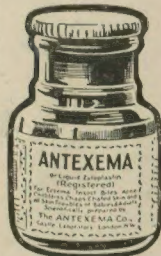
generation, and whose mean and turbid minds lead to something that is an actual insanity of the masses and their leaders. In M. Sologub's story the man himself becomes insane, driven like a shrivelled leaf before the blast of his obsessions—unhappy to madness because life holds for him, in spite of the stifling yearning of his soul, nothing but corruption. And the cure for his delirium? The genius of this great Russian novelist leaves "The Little Demon" to point its own moral. The writing on the wall is its own interpreter.



SLEEPING-QUARTERS BY NIGHT; OFFICE BY DAY: LORD KITCHENER'S FIELD QUARTERS IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

Photograph by G.P.U.

Africa seems to make the light and shade of the art of fiction difficult to capture. The books are either too tragic or they are too superficial, and "The Phases of Felicity," by Olga Racster and Jessica Grove (George Allen and Unwin), must be included in the latter category. The little sketches of arrival at an up-country railway station and of the wedding at Petrusdorp are so good that, by contrast, the triviality of Felicity's phases is a disappointment. There is such good material to be had in "this dear, delightful, lovable South Africa," and



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